The Happy Pair's

GARLAND,

Containing Five Excellent

NEW SONGS.

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Licenſed and entered according to order.

The Happy Pair's *GARLAND. &c.*

THE HAPPY PAIR.

IT was on a ſummer's morning,
I went for to take the air,
O there I heard a voice ſay,
Stay you hear my dear.

It was a female voice,
So I liſten'd to her a while;
'Tis remember the vows you made,
Before that you did me beguile.

Do you remember the vows you made?
Do you not think you are to blame?
For ſince you have taken ſo little regard,
You have made me a conſtant game.

Did you not wiſh to be in the light horſe,
Bound for peace or for war?
Or ſay that you wiſh to be ſlain,
If ever you prove falſe to your dear.

Did not you wiſh the great judgments,
Might heavily on you fall;
Or Satan might carry you away,
If ever you did ſlight me at all.

I will ſit myſelf down and cry,
To think what I have done,
That I ſhould believe ſuch a falſe young man,
When I was a girl ſo young.

A young ſtripling was ſtanding by,
And hearing her complain,
He ſaid, dry up your tears my dear,
For I never will you diſdain.

To the church love, let us repair,
So then they married were;
So now I have let you into the light,
And we are join'd to be a happy pair.

The COCKS of HAY.

AS early through the meadows, I chanced for to paſs,
There I eſpy'd a pretty girl lying on the graſs,
ying on the graſs, and thus to me did ſay,
ome kiſs me now or never, amongſt the cocks of hay.
Amongſt the cocks of hay laſſes, amongſt the cocks of hay,
Come kiſs me now or never, amongſt the cocks of hay.

I ſaid my pretty maiden, what brought you here ſo ſoon,
e ſaid I am going a milking, all in the month of June,
l in the month of June, and the morning being gay,
me kiſs me now or never, amongſt the cocks of hay.
Amongſt the cocks of hay, &c.

She ſaid I have a pretty bird, it ſings it's early notes,
It dwells within my hollow tree, and warbels in it's throat,
It warbels in it's throat, ſhe thus to me did ſay,
Come kiſs me now or never, amongſt the cocks of hay.
Amongſt the cocks of hay, &c.

I jump'd into a hollow tree, it being ſo plump and rare,
And there ſhe gave me kiſs for kiſs, till I could kiſs no more,
Till I could kiſs no more laſſes, till I could kiſs no more,
And there ſhe gave me kiſs for kiſs, till I could kiſs no more.
Till I could, &c.

Our kiſſing being over, ſhe thus to me did ſay,
It's a pleaſure going of milking, amongſt the cocks of hay,
Amongſt the cocks of hay laſſes, amongſt the cocks of hay,
It's a pleaſure going of milking, amongſt the cocks of hay.
Amongſt the cocks of hay laſſes, amongſt the cocks of hay,
It's a pleaſure going a milking, amongſt the cocks of hay.

THE MILK MAID.

THE Lark proclaim'd return of morn,
Then Dolly tript acroſs the Lawn,
Young Coliln follow'd with his flail,
She went to fill her milking pail:
He lov'd and begg'd ſhe'd hear him now,
She anſwer'd ſhe muſt milk her cow,
He lov'd and begg'd ſh'd hear him now,
She anſwer'd ſhe muſt milk her cow,
Milk her cow, milk her cow,
She anſwer'd ſhe muſt milk her cow.

He ſighing vow'd he lov'd her more,
Than ever youth did nymph before;
With raptures praiſ'd her blooming charms,
And preſ'd the fair one to his arms.
She bad him keep his diſtance now,
Nor hinder her to milk her cow:
Milk her cow,
Nor hinder her, &c.

Fair maid, he cryed, cou'd you approve
An artleſs ſhepherd's honeſt love;
Yon little farm, yon flocks are mine,
All with their maſter's heart is thine;
Then begg'd ſhe would his flame allow,
She anſwer'd ſhe muſt milk her cow;
Milk her cow,
She anſwer'd, &c.

Not ſo repulſ'd the comely youth;
With kiſſes, prayers, and vows of truth,
So pleaſ'd the nymph, ſhe ſmil'd conſent,
And to the church they inſtant went,
His flame ſhe did not diſallow,
But quite forgot to milk her cow:
Milk her cow,
But quite forgot, &c.

THE PEDLAR.

I AM a jolly gay pedlar,
Come here to ſell my ware;
Yet tho' in all things I'm a medler,
I meddle moſt with the fair.
When I ſhow my ribbands to miſſes,
Tho' copper and ſiller I gain;
Yet better I'm pleaſ'd with the bliſſes,
That I cannot now explain.
I am a jolly gay pedlar, &c.

Fools ſay that this life is but ſorrow,
And ſeem diſinclin'd to be gay;
But why ſhould we think of to morrow,
When we may be happy to-day.
I rove round the world for my pleaſure,
Reſolv'd to take nothing amiſs;
And think my exiſtence a treaſure,
When bleſt with the cup and the kiſs.

They ſurely are thick-headed aſſes,
Who know that youth's gone in a crack,
Yet will not enjoy, as it paſſes,
The ſeaſon that never comes back.
Let time jog on ſlower, or quicker,
Or whether we're ſilly, or wiſe;
We ſhall not be the worſe for good liquor,
Or the ſmiles of a girl with black eyes.

The BRIDAL DAY.

AS ſtraying through the jeſs'mine grove,
I met young William there;
He preſs'd my hand and talk'd of love,
Says I pray have a care.
The duce is in you he would ſay,
Why don't you, name the bridal day.

What could I do poor ſimple maid,
But make this ſtrange reply;
tell you, Sir, I am afraid,
And then began to ſigh.
The duce is in you he would ſay,
Why can't you, name the bridal day.

really thought the fellow mad,
To worry thus my life;
nd yet I ſome-how lik'd the lad,
And wiſh'd to be a wife.
t laſt the duce would have me ſay,
Why don't you, name the bridal day?

Cupid's Recruiting Serjeant.

RECITATIVE.

FROM Paphos' isle, so fam'd of old, I come,
To raise Recruits with merry fife and drum;
The Queen of beauty here, by me invites,
Each nymph and swain to taste the sweet delights:
Obey the call, and seek the happy land,
Where Captain Cupid bears the sole command.

AIR

Ye nymphs and ye swains, who are youthful and gay,
Attend to the call, and be blest while you may;
Lads and lasses hither come to the sound of the drum,
I have treasure in store which you never have seen;
Then haste, let us rove to the island of love,
Where Cupid is captain, and Venus the Queen.

Each nymph of sixteen, who would fain be a wife,
Shall soon have a partner to bliss her for life;
Then lasses hither come to the sound of the drum,
I have sweethearts in store, such as never were seen,
Haste, haste, let us rove to the island of love,
Where Cupid is captain, and Venus the Queen.

Wou'd a swain but be blest with a nymph to his mind,
Let him enter my list, and his wish he shall find;
I can bless him for life with a kind loving wife,
More beautiful far than was nymph ever seen,
Then haste, let us rove to the island of love,
Where Cupid is captain, and Venus is queen.

In Paphos we know not of discord or strife,
Each nymph and each swain may be happy for life;
In transport and joy we each moment employ,
And taste such delight as were never yet seen:
Then haste let us rove to the island of love,
Where Cupid is captain, and Venus is queen.

FINIS.